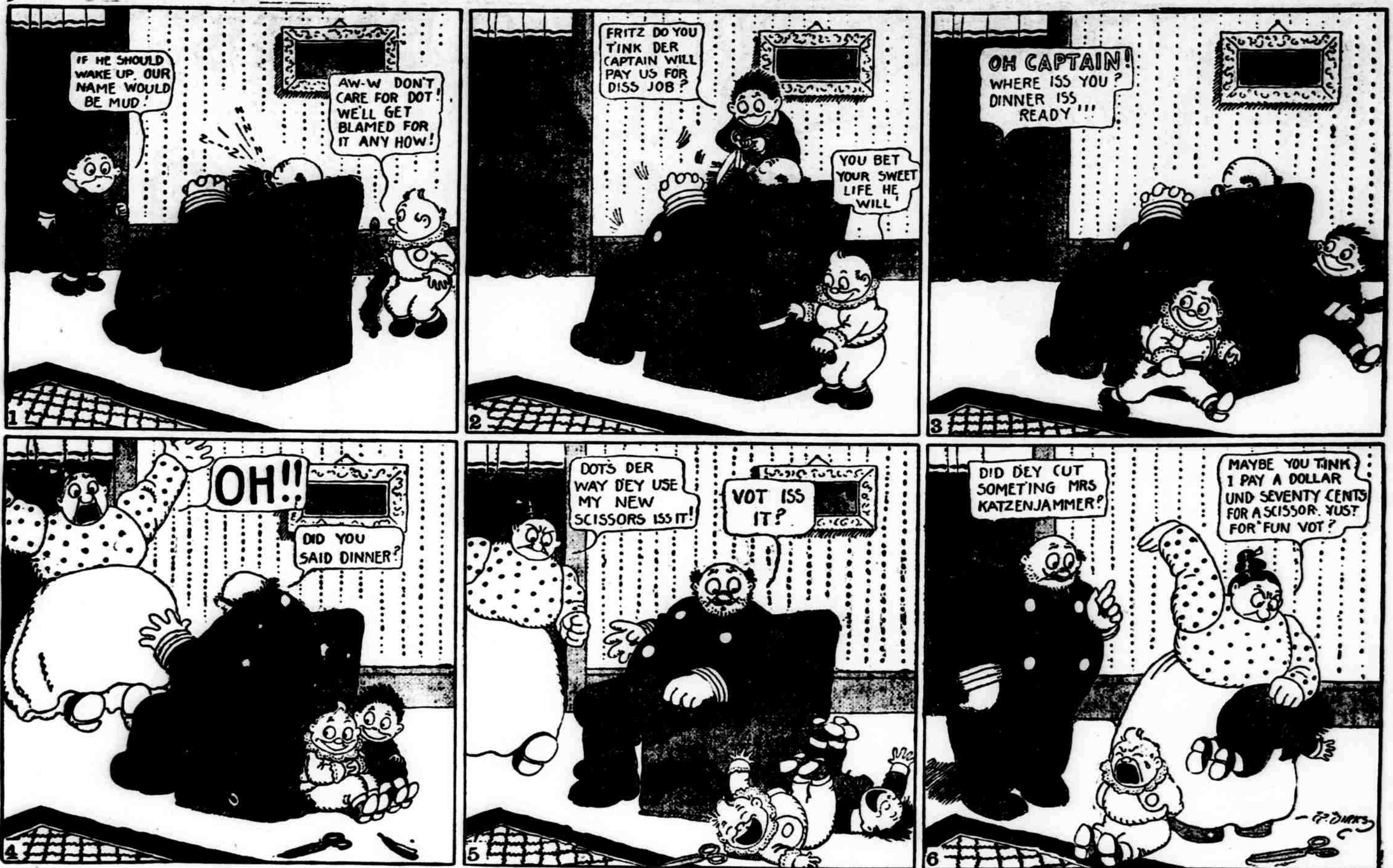


# THOSE BAD KATZENJAMMERS AGAIN.

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## GOODRICH MUDD GETS A FREE SLEIGH RIDE.



DISAPPOINTED.

That confounded doctor changed me for telling me there was nothing wrong with me.

Outrageous.

If he had discovered dangerous symptoms I wouldn't have minded in the least.

**An Extra Risk.**

Senator Clark, as all the world knows, is a large employer of labor. He is very democratic in his manner and is easily reached by his men, to whom he listens kindly. He was approached by one of his men recently, who asked him for a raise in salary. The Senator remarked that he thought he was doing rather well and asked him if he had any good reason to offer. The man said he had recently been married.

"Oh," said the Senator, "as to that, I'm sorry; but you see, young man, we are not responsible for accidents unless they happen in the work."

**Ornithological.**

Fordy: "That tailor of yours is certainly a bird."

Cholly: "Yes, I'd call him a pelican."

Fordy: "Why?"

Cholly: "If you'd see the size of his bill you wouldn't ask."

**Confidential.**

Miss Buff: "You always carry expensive papers, don't you?"

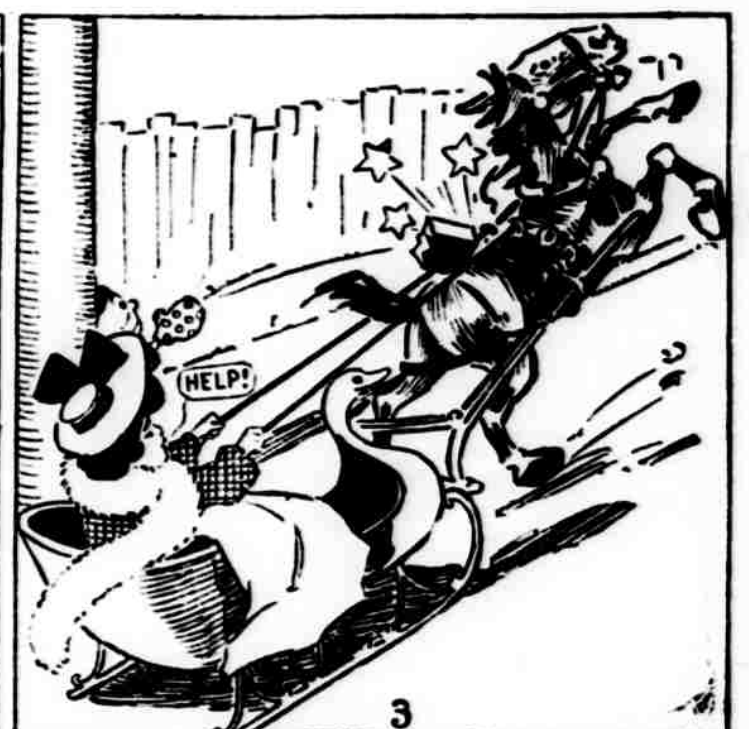
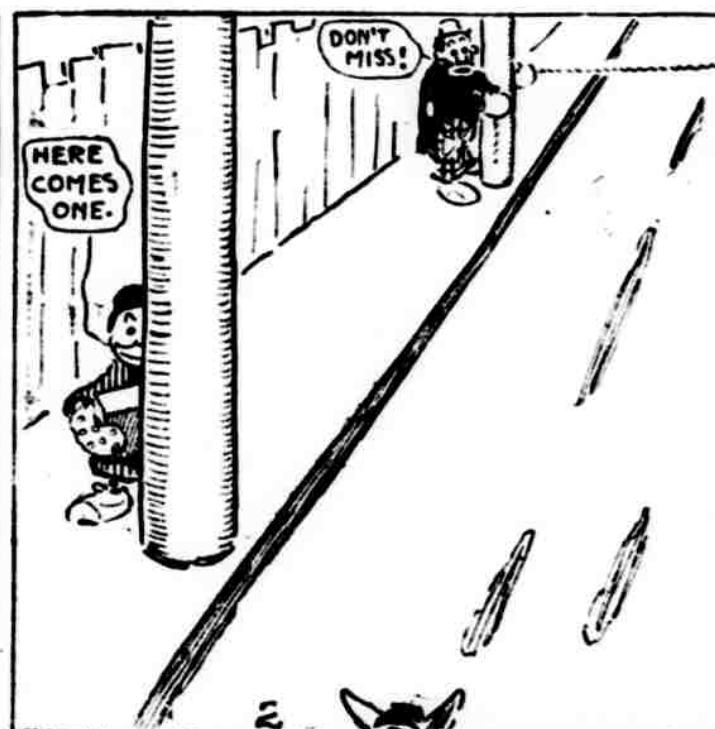
Mrs. Bluff: "Yes, I manage to do that; then no one suspects that I haven't any money."—Detroit Free Press.

**Central.**

"Which do you think counts for the most in life, money or brains?"

"Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "I see so many people who manage to get on with so little of either that I am beginning to lose my respect for both."

"You are told to love your neighbor," said Uncle Eben; "an' right now is when you has a chance to show yoh 'feeling by keepin' de ice off de sidewalk."—Washington Star.



### IN A TRAM CAR.



Lady (with smelly basket of fish): "Dessay you'd rather have a gentleman sittin' a-side of you?"

Olded Youth (who has been edging away): "Yes, I would."

Lady: "Sar!—are!"

**On Upper Broadway.**

The ingenuity of the man with a check to cash is, of course, proverbial. A man drifted into the banking-house of Henry Clews with a dubious-looking check recently. The cashier requested he did not know him. The man became indignant and finally reached Mr. Clews's private office. He represented himself as the proprietor of a cafe on Upper Broadway. Mr. Clews was sorry, but he knew no such cafe.

"I suppose you have been up Broadway as far as my place," said the man with the check.

"I don't know," said Mr. Clews. "I've been up Broadway as far as Albany."

**A Simple Matter.**

Senator Depew tells the following sea story. In addition to the genial doctor's word the story has internal evidences of being genuine. Several men in the smoking-room of a liner were discussing the wonders of navigation. All agreed that the accuracy of the readings was marvelous. At this point a very heavy-looking Englishman interrupted.

"I say," he drawled, "it's damned strange you know how they ever find their way over-deuced strange! Now, of course, going back it's awfully simple. They've only to follow the straight white line the ship has made."

**Blessings of an Alphabet.**

"Few people realize," said Professor Frazer, formerly of Johns Hopkins University, "that the twenty-six symbols that we call the alphabet represent, singly or in combination, all the sounds of all the languages upon earth. By forming letters into words we are able to embody thought to render it visible, audible, perpetual and ubiquitous. Embalmed in writing, the intellect may thus enjoy a species of immortality upon earth, and every man may paint an 'unpardonable' portrait of his own mind, immeasurably more instructive and interesting to posterity than those fleeting likenesses of face and form entrusted to canvas or even to bronze and marble. What myriads have passed away leaving not a wreck behind them, while the mental features of some contemporary writer survive in all the freshness and integrity with which they were first traced. Literary painting is the greatest of all delineation. For it we may thank the alphabet, and the Phoenicians for the alphabet."

"It was Gibbon, I think, who said that Phoenicia and Palestine would ever live in the memory of mankind, since America, as well as all Europe, had received an alphabet from one and a religion from the other."

**The Rhinoceros.**

You've heard of the rhinoceros— (My! that gave me a fright! I had to seek a leacon So see I'd spelled it right!) If beauty's truly skin deep the Old rhino has a cinch: His skin's three inches thick at least if it's a single inch.

He has a funny paint-brush, tall, And stubby little toes, And a great single horn adorns The middle of his nose. I said the middle of his nose; If I had thought my mentor, The editor, would let it pass, I would have said the "center."

The rhino is almost like folks That we meet every day. Because he sticks his nose in things In just the self-same way; If every little boy in town Had a thick skin like that He could be bad and never know Where papa spanked him at.

—Houston Post.

**A Recompense.**

Young Edward, aged 6, was quite tired of staying in the house. His mother was ill and had tried to keep him in the room with her because her room was warmer than his playroom, but his toys were all in the playroom and he became restless to go to them.

"Wood-by, mamma," he said, "I will come back in a thousand years."

"I will be dead and buried by that time," said the mother.

The little fellow stopped a moment with his hand upon the door, and, thinking of the deed, he replied:

"Never mind, mamma, you will rise again!"—January Lippincott's.

**Stranded Town.**

Oh, Stranded Town is a dismal place. Don't visit it even my son. There's never a friendly hand or face. Nor slap on the back, not one.

The air is cold and the wind is keen. While always gray is the sky. But never an open door is seen— It's Stranded Town, that's why.

A smile is all they give for a smile; For the chillest talk, a frown. Ah, home! Sweet home! Full many a mile Art thou from Stranded Town.

—Pack.

**She Soaked 'Em.**

Mrs. Jones: "Bridget, did you soak that basket of soiled clothes the first thing this morning, as I told you?"

Bridget: "Yes, mum. Here's the ticket."

**Utah Vot Wind.**

Oh! Utah Vot Wind, mad as he kin be. Come around de corner a-looking for me. But de chicken is a fryin' an' de hoe enks in de ash. So it doan make no diffence if de no' win' do get brash.

Oh! Utah Vot Wind sees de fire so bright. An' he rattles at de windows 'case he shet out in de night. An' Ah dean hahdly blame him for a-rattlin' such a fun. If I was locked outside I specks I'd be havin' wum.

—Washington Star.

**Omissions of History.**

Having just evolved his celebrated doctrine James Monroe stood off and inspected it.

"There, my European cousins," he said, "I guess that will hold you for awhile!" It still holds them.—Chicago Tribune.

**An Analysis of Motive.**

"That politician speaks very flatteringly of you."

"Well," answered Senator Borah, "it must be for one of two reasons. He wants a favor or else he wants to fill my suspicions and catch me off my guard about something."